Mother

Her head abuzz with the day
’s meetings yet to come,

she inquires of her adult son
as to as to possibly
having her toast and jelly

without Gay Rights.

Triggering him to eventually pay
during a lull, with his *“leaving
this house forever!”*

“If only!” she regretfully tosses. So,
off again, both, uncovering their
fraught, biting history

without even a breath of break!
It’s okay. It’s okay. All work is.